THE MEN OF 512

I HEAR VOICES (VOICES IN MY HEAD)

CLEO CONFRONTS HIS DEMONS
COMFORT IN THE ARMS OF STRANGERS

CLEO WAS OUT ON A LIMB TONIGHT. HE HAD BEEN OUT THERE BEFORE, BUT TONIGHT WAS DIFFERENT. HE WAS WAY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF MIDNIGHT. WITH NO SIGNS OF RETURN IN EVEN THE DEEPEST RECESS OF WHAT IS A BRILLIANT MIND.

THE DAY STARTED OFF WITH WHAT WAS FOR CLEO," GOOD VIBRATIONS". AFTER THE LAST FIGHT HE HAD WITH JJ, HIS THOUGHTS WERE REFLECTIVE OF THE CREATURE HE WAS ; AN ADDICT.

CLEO UNDERSTOOD HIMSELF QUITE WELL, BUT HE WONDERED IF ANY ELSE DID. JJ KNEW HIM WELL, BUT HE LOVED HIM AND COULD NOT BE OBJECTIVE. HE SAT THERE IN SILENCE, WHILE HIS THOUGHTS RACED AROUND IN CIRCLES. NEVER REALLY FOCUSING ON ANY THING IN PARTICULAR.

A BRANCH IN A TREE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW JUST BARELY CAME INTO VIEW IN THE FAR RIGHT CORNER OF HIS LEFT EYE. PULLING THE LENGTH OF THE BRANCH INTO FULL VIEW, HIS EYES FOLLOWED IT BACK TO ITS ORIGIN, THE TRUNK OF THE TREE. IN THE NOOK OF THE BRANCH, WHERE IT GERW OUT FROM THE MAMMOTH OF A TREE, WAS A FAMILY OF BLUEJAYES NESTING.CLEO WATCHED INTENTLY THE BIRDS ACTIVITES. HE NOTICED HOW ATTENTIVE THE MOTHER WAS TO HER BROOD, AND HOW THE MALE BIRD FLEW ABOUT TIRELESS CHASING DOWN INCESTS TO FEED THEM. CLEO SAT MOTIONLESS, WATCHING, THINKING. THAT WAS ALL IT TOOK. HE WAS A YOUNG MAN FIGHTING TO HOLD ONTO SHATTERED FRAGMENTS OF HIS LIFE. TIME AND CHANCE HAD ALLOWED HIM TO SEE IN A FAMILY OF BIRDS, WHAT HIS LIFE COULD BE IF HE WEREN'T AN ADDICT.

THE TEARS CAME STREAMING DOWN HIS FACE, BUT HE MADE NO SOUNDS; JUST SAT THERE AND LET THE TEARS ROLL DOWN HIS FACE.

A LOUD KNOCK ON THE NEIGHBORS DOOR BROUGHT CLEO AWAY FROMM PITY'S GRASP LONG ENOUGH TO DECIDE THE DAYS EVENTS IN A MATTER OF SECONDS; " GET HIGH", SMOKE SOME DOPE", "YOU KNOW YOU WANT ME".
WHO THE HELL IS AT THAT WHORES DOOR AT THIS HOUR!
CLEO COMMONLY REFFERED TO JOJO AS A WHORE, DUE TO HIS LINE OF WORK; MALE ESCORT/ EXOTIC DANCER EXTRODINARE.

HE ROSE SLOWLY, CHECKING HIS WATCH ON HIS WAY TO THE DOOR 11:20AM, MUST BE THE JEHOVAHS WITNESS'. BY THE TIME HIS LEFT HAND MADE CONTACT WITH THE GLASS DOORKNOB, HE WIPED AWAY TEARS AND SNOT WITH THE BACK OF HIS RIGHT. HE STEPPED INTO THE HALLWAY LOOKING FOR THE CREATURE THAT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE NOISE THAT PULLED HIM BACK HERE. HE FOUND HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH HIS AGITATOR. A YOUNG MAN WHO CARRIED WITH HIM THE ORDOR OF SEVERAL CITY STREETS. THIS MUTHERFUCKER STANK!

IS THERE SOME PARTICULAR REASON WHY YOURE BANGING ON MY NEIGHBORS DOOR?
IM A LITTLE IN LITTLE IN NEED OF SOME HELP "MY BROTHER".
THE YOUNG MAN BEGIN TO MOVE CLOSER TO CLEO.
" GODDAMN!" HE IS GREETED BY THE YOUNG MANS ODOR.
COVERING N HIS MOUTH AND NOSE," MUTHERFUCHER YOU STANK".
I HAVENT BEEN ABLE TO PROPERLY CLEAN MYSELF IN A COUPLE OF DAYS.
NAW! THAT STANKBEEN ON YOUR ASS FOR @ LEAST A DECADE.
STINKY MANAGED TO SMILE A LITTLE, REALIZING THAT CLEO IS NOT TRING TO BE MEAN, HE REALLY STANK. BESIDES HE FELT A KINDRED SPIRIT."GET HIGH," " SMOKE ME," "TALK NICE TO HIM," "HE WANTS TO GET HIGH TO," "YALL CAN SMOKE ME TOGETHER."
ALL I NEED IS AN HOUR OF YOUR TIME.
WHO THE HELL TOLD YOU I HAVE AN HOUR ~~TO SPARE!~~
TIME ENOUGH TO USE YOUR BATHROOM AND GET MYSELF CLEANED UP.
WHERE IN THE FUCK IS THE JEHOVAHS WITNESS' WHEN YOU NEED THEM.
I USUALLY CAN GET JOJO TO LET ME IN HIS PLACE....
RESOURCEFUL AS HELL ARENT YOU?
WOULD YOU BY CHANCE HAVE SOME BOLGNY.....
O K , HOLD IT! IVE HEARD ENOUGH, AND MY NOSE CANT TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS GRAND FUNK "MY BROTHER."
YOU BEGGING MUTHERFUCKERS AINT WORTH TRUSTING.
I LET YOU IN MY HOUSE, YOU GONNA STANK IT UP, EAT UP EVERYTHING IN THE FRIG AND ASK FOR MORE, LIKE I OWE IT TO YOU. LIKE ITS MY FAULT YOUR STANK/ HOMELESS/ AND TRIFLING AS HELL.
STINKY STOOD THERE WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE, TAKING IN AS MUCH OF CLEO AS HIS EYES COULD SEE, LETTING HIS IMAGINATION DO THE REST. HE STARES DIRECTLY INTO CLEOS EYES,SEEING HIS REFLECTION AS CLEARLY AS HE WOULD IN A MIRROR. ALL EMOTIONS LEAVE HIS FACE AS HE STEPS A LITTLE CLOSER TO CLEO.
CLEO BACKS AWAY WITH A LOOK OF DISGUST, OR IS IT RECOGNITION. ATTITUDE CHANGE IN RESPONSE TO CLEO'S EXPRESSION 2 LINES
THERE AINT A WHOLE LOTTA DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ME AND YOU, I KNOW YOUN THINK YOU ALL THAT, BUT WHAT ARE YOU REALLY? *STINKYS* WORDS STUNG WITH TRUTH AND PISSED CLEO OFF.
"I MEAN YOU DONT KNOW ME," STINKY BEGAN.
LOOK BITCH`! I SUGGEST YOU GET YOUR STANK ASS/ NO HOME HAVING, DOPE SMOKING SORRY BEHIND OUTA MY FACE.

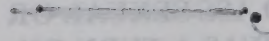
"YEAH HE SMOKES DOPE," "HES GOT SOME," "LETS GET HIGH," "DONT SEND HIM AWAY UNTIL WE GET HIGH."
STINKYS EYES OPENED WIDE @ THE MENTION OF THE WORD DOPE.
CLEO TURNS TO GO BACK INTO HIS APARTMENT, HIS MIND STILL HEARING VOICES CALLING TO HIM. HE SENSES THAT STINKY HAS NO INTENTIONS OF LEAVING, AND TURNS ABRUPTLY TO FACE HIM.
"I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT ME TO IF YOU JUST HELP ME OUT A LITTLE.
I AINT GONNA STEAL NUTIN, OR EAT MORE THAN YOU PUT IN FRONT OF ME.
I JUST NEED TO GET MYSELF TOGETHER.
WELL THIS AINT NO GODDAMN SOUP KITCHEN OR MISSION.
STINKYS SMIILE REAPPEARED ONCE AGAIN.
DAMN, HE THOUGHT TO HIMSELF, THIS BROTHER IS CUTE AS HELL AND SEXY WHEN HES MAD.
SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS?
LOOKING INTO CLEOS EYES AGAIN, TRING TO LOOK HURT, *STINKY SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS AND DROPS HIS HEAD PREMATURELY DEFEATED.*
(NO YOU DIDNT ACCUSE SOMEBODY ELSE OF SMOKING DOPE-- BITCH YOU GOT NERVES)
STINKY TURNS AND BEGINS TO FADE DOWN THE HALLWAY.
PANTS BAGGING, TUGGING @ THEM TRING TO KEEP THEM FROM FALLING AND EXPOSING MORE THAN HE WISHED TO.
"SMOKE ME, COME ON BABY, ASK HIM TO GET HIGH TOO."
CLEOS CONSCIENCE WAS DEMANDING EXPLAINATIONS FOR HIS WHACKED BEHAVIOR. OR WAS IT THE DOPE TELLING HIM TO BE A FOOL? What does he do to let him know it's ok to come back to the apt
O K! SHIT! I KNOW IMNA REGRET THIS, DAMN!
STAND YOUR STANK ASS RIGHT HERE(POINTS TO AN IMAGINARY SPOT IN THE CENTER OF THE DOORWAY.)
STINKY STEPS ONTO THE SPOT. FLASHING THAT SWEET SMILE. EXPOSING DINGY YELLOW TEETH THAT DID NOT HIDE THE FACT THAT UNDERNEATH ALL THIS FILTH ,HE WAS AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MAN.
RIGHT HERE BOSS!
HE JUMPS ONTO THE IMAGINARY SPOT IN THE CENTER OF THE DOOR.
I'LL BE WAITING RIGHT HERE.
PEERING INTO THE APARTMENT, HE NOTICED IT WAS NEAT, SMELLED GREAT,AND IT WAS DECORATED TASTEFULLY.
CLEO RETURNED WITH A GARBAGE BAG IN TOW, OPENS IT WIDE, LOOKS @ STINKY, WHO KNOWS INSTINCTIVELY WHAT TO DO. HE REMOVES HIS SNEAKERS FIRST, A PAIR OF ABUSED AIR NIKES. NEXT ABOUT 3 PAIR OF TUBE SOCKS. THE LAST PAIR HAD A LAYER OF FOOT FUNK AND SOME OTHER LAYERS OF SHIT THA MADE THEM STAND LIKE A PAIR OF HOUSE SLIPPERS.THEY GAVE OFF AN EVEN WORSE FUNK THAN WHAT ALREADY FILLED THE AIR. JUST RANK ENOUGH TO TURN THE STOMACH.

What does he do to fit in when he's onto some risky shit?

DAMN! I KNOW IMA REGRET THIS SHIT!
WHEN YOU GO ON THEMBINGES , SHIT CAN GET A LITTLE RIPE.
SPEAKING RATHER CANDIDLY, FROM ADDICT TOADDICT.
YEAH BITCH I KNOW.
THE JEANS DROP TO THE FLOOR WITH A THUD, HEAVY WITH DIRT. STINKY GRABS THE BOTTOM OF HIS SWEATSHIRT AND PULLS IT OVER HIS HEAD. STEPPING OUT OF THE JEANS AND TOSSING THE SWEATSHIRT IN THE BAG,HE FLASHES THAT SMILE AGAIN.2 PAIRS OF SHORTS , A PAIR OF BOXERS, 3 T-SHIRTS AND A REAL SEXY THONG FOLLOW BEFORE HE IS COMPLETELY EXPOSED IN THE HALLWAY.

HE STOOD THERE A FAIRLY ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MAN, OR @ LEAST WHAT WAS LEFT OF ONE. HE WAS MUCH THINNER THAN HE SHOULD BE,CLEO WAS SURE OF THAT. HIS BODY WAS A SERIES OF LONG SINEWY MUSCLES. IT ~~ALSO~~ BORE SIGNS OF ABUSE AND NEGLECT. CLEO WONDERED HOW MUCH WAS SELF INFLICTED. A COUPLE OF HOME MADE TATOOS SAID HED SERVED SOME HARD TIME @ LEAST ONCE. *STINKY* RAISES AN ARM OVER HIS HEAD, EXPOSING A HUGE MOUND OF MATTED BLACK HAIR. HE SCRATCHES VIOLENTLY, AS IF THOUGH SOME THING BEGAN TO MOVE AROUND.
LOOKS LIKE IMA NEED SOME RAID TO KILL ALL THAT SHIT IN THERE. POINTTING TOWARDS HIS UNDERARM.
AND LORD WE MAY HAVE TO JUST CUT ALL THAT SHIT OFF!
JABBING A FINGER @ *STINKYS* EXTREMELY HAIRY CROTCH.
CUT OFF MY DICK HAIR,MAN I AINT NEVER.....
YES! I KNOW YOU HAVENT, BUT THERES A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING.
IMA HAVE BOTH EYES OPEN WHEN YOU DO THAT.
CLEO LET OUT A LAUGH AS HIS MIND IMAGINED DOING JUST THAT.
MS THING,I AM NOT! YOUR PERSONAL GROOMER! JUST A GIRL DOING HER GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY.
O K, BUT I WOULD LET YOU,IF YOU WANTED TOO.....I TRUST YOU.
LIKE YOU GOT A DAMN CHOICE!
STINKYS NAKEDNESS HAD NOT YET REISTERED,~~ASS SEXUAL OR ENTICING~~, JUST THE FACT THAT HE GOT HIGH WAS A TURN ON.
CLEO DISAPPEARED INTO THE BEDROOM WITH THE FUNKY CLOTHES AS STINKY CROSSED THE THRESHOLD INTO THE APARTMENT.

THE AROMA THAT STINKY NOTICED EARLIER SEEMED TO BE COMING OUT OF THE WALLS. IT FILLED EVERY INCH OF SPACE HE PASSED THROUGH. HE CONCLUDED IT MUST BE AN INCENSE OR OIL,MUSLIMS WERE THE ONLY FOLK THAT EVER SMELLED THIS GOOD.
THAT SCENT, MAN ITS GOING OFF! WHAT IS IT?
CLEO YELLS FROM THE OTHER ROOM"INCENSE." ITS CALLED OPIUM, ITS THE ONLY THING I EVER BURN IN HERE. "



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CLEO SEPARATED THE SMELLY CLOTHES AND PUT THEM IN PAILS TO SOAK ON THE BALCONY. HE RETURNED TO THE LIVING ROOM AND ACTUALLY THANKED *STINKY.*
***THANK YOU AHH.....CLEO RELIZED THAT THEY DIDNT EVEN KNOW EACH OTHERS NAME. HE HAD NICKNAMED THIS BROTHER STINKY.* IT WAS THE MOST LOGICAL THING TO CALL HIM CONSIDERING THE ORDOR HE TRAVELED WITH.THERE HAD BEEN NO NEED FOR NAMES UNTIL THIS POINT.**
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THAT WOULD BE SOLOMON.
MUCH MORE APROPIATE FOR A YOUNG BLACK MAN.
YEAH I LIKE IT TOO, I JUST DONT LIKE GETTING RIBBED ABOUT IT.
HE NOTICES SOLOMONS NAKEDNESS AS HE CROSSED THE ROOM TO TAKE A SEAT. STILL NOT INTIRELY FOCUSING ON THE TOTALITY OF HIS NAKEDNESS. NAKED FLESH MADE CONTACT WITH SOFT ITALIAN LEATHER. THE SMOOTH COOL LEATHER OF THE BAR STOOL WHERE SOLOMON SAT WAS LIKE SOFT BUT FIRM HANDS CARESSING HIS ASS AND BALLS. HE LIFTS HIS BALL IN HANDS AND LET THEM FALL BACK INTO PLACE, MAKING CONTACT WITH THE LEATHER AGAIN. HEAD BOWED WATCHING THE HAIRY MASS EXPAND AND RECEED, AND THE SHAFT OF HIS PENIS SWELL TO IT'S FULL POTENTIAL.
THESE ARE SOME SERIOUS BAR STOOLS!
SQUIRMING AROUND ON THE STOOL AS IF IT WERE A NEW TOY, BUT MORE LIKE SOMEONES FACE, ENJOYING THE SENSATION HE FELT DEEP IN HIS GROIN.
CLEO LOOK AT SOLOMON OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, BEFORE DISAPPEARING INTO THE BATHROOM. *WATER RUNS AND STEAM RISES.*
CLEO RETURNS ONCE MORE.
"LOOK AT HIM, HE'S NAKED. "
WOULD YOU LIKE A BEER BEFORE YOU GET INTO THE TUB?
YEH, THAT WOULD BE NICE.
CLEO'S EYES TAKE IN WHAT'S EXPOSED OF SOLOMON'S BODY.
THERE IS BUDWIESER, HEINIKEN AND LIGHT IN THE FRIGE, HELP YOURSELF.
RISING FROM THE STOOL, SOLOMAN HEADS FOR THE FRIDGE, AS CLEO RETURNS TO ATTEND TO THE RUNNING WATER.
CLEO EXIT'S THE ROOM QUICKLY, BEFORE HIS EYES HAVE A CHANCE TO FOCUS ON THE FLESH BEFORE HIM.
"JUST TOUCH HIM, TURN AROUND AND TOUCH HIM"
SOLOMON YELLS OVER HIS SHOLDER, CAN I GET YOU ONE TOO?
WELL AIN'T YOU A THOUGHTFUL BITCH...YES MAAM, A HEINE PLEASE.

SOLOMON REMOVES BOTH BEERS FORM THE FRIG
AND TURNS CLOSING THE DOOR.
HE WALKS PASS THE SENSUIOUS BAR STOOLS INTO THE LIVING ROOM CLEO HAS FINISHED RUNNING THE BATH AND IS SEATED IN THE MIDDLE OF A LOVELY LEATHER SOFA, HE HEAD CLEO THE BEER AND TAKE A SEAT OPPOSITE CLEO.
THANK YOU. LOOKING AT SOLOMAN ENTENSLY, GIVING SERIOUS THOUGHT TO THE REAL REASON FOR HIS BROAD SMILE.
THE LEATHER SOFA WERE CLEO SAT WAS A DARKER SHADE OF BLUE THAN THE BAR STOOLS. A LOVELY GLASS AND MARBLE COFFEE TABLE WAS IN FROUNT OF IT. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COFFEE TABLE WAS A SOFA IDENTICAL TO THE FIRST ONLY IT WAS COVERED IN A RICH GOLD LINEN FABRIC. TWO CHAIRS, BOTH QUEEN ANN WING BACKS FILLED IN THE SPACE AT THE FOOT AND HEAD OF THE COFFEE TABLE. ONE A BRILLIANT ROMARE BEARDEN PRINT, THE SECOND WE STRIPED WITH TASSLES AS ACCENTS. IN THE CORNER, NEAR THE BACK LEFT HAND SIDE OF THE SOFA, WHERE CLEO WAS PEARCHED, HUNG A BEAUTIFUL OLD BUBBLE HANGING LAMP. BRIGHT ORANGE, RED AND YELLOWS SPRINKLED ABOUT. HLOOKED LIKE THE SUN MOON AND SKY. THE CENTER OF JJ AND CLEO'S UNIVERSE.

BEING NAKED MARE SOLOMON FEEL EXTREMELY COMFORTABLE. HE WAS THE KIND OF GUY THE DEPENDED ON SMOKING CRACK TO SMASH THROUGH ALL HIS SEXUAL AND PHYSICAL INHABITIONS. THAT FIRST HIT SOME THREE IN A HALF YEARS AGO FREED HIM OF MANY THINGS, MADE HIM A SLAVE TO OTHERS. IT WAS SECOND NATURE THESE DAYS, IN THE COMPANY OF MEN OR WOMAN TO LIE ABOUT NUDE. GETTING HIGH AND TRADING SEX TO GET EVEN HIGHER.

CLEO'S EYES TRAVERLED DOWNWARD TO WHERE SOLOMON'S FLESH MADE CONTACT WITH THE SOFA'S CUSHON. FOR THE FIRST TIME HE REALLY LOOKED AT SOLOMON'S BODY. NOTICING IT'S SIZE AND LENGTH. HIS EYES TOOK IN EVERYTHING.SOLOMON WAS ARROUSED BY THE INTENSITY OF CLEO'S STARING. AND HIS SEX BEGAN TO STIR.
BABY! WHAT'S YOUR NICKNAME, *HORSE*? HIS EYES CLUED TO SOLOMON'S PENIS AS IT SWELLED TO IT FULL GLORY.
NAW, IT AIN'T ALL THAT BIG, LAUGHING AT CLEO'S COMMENT ON THE SIZE OF HIS DICK. I CAN'T BELIEVE A MAN WITH A DICK LIKE THAT DOSEN'T HAVE SOMEONE TO LOOK OUT FOR HIM, OR A LOVER. SHIT...IF YOU COULD USE IT RIGHT, YOU SHOULD NEVER BE ALONE OR HOMELESS.
EVEN I GOT A SPONSER, I MEAN, LOVER. CLOE THOUGHT ALOUD.
WELL I DON'T REALLY LIKE SEX, UNLESS I'M GETTING HIGH. I LIKE MY SEX AND DOPE IN ONE PACKAGE. CLEO RECOGNIZES SIMILARITIES IN THIS YOUNG MAN AND THE IMAGE BEING REFLECTED IN HIS EYES AND RESPONDS VISCIOUSLY, OH! YOU LIKE THE PIPE IN YOUR MOUTH AND YOU ASS AT THE SOME TIME!

IF IT COMES TO THAT.
SORTTA LIKE KILLING TO BIRDS WITH ONE ROCK.
YEAH, THAT WORKS TOO.
THE PHONE RANG, STARTLING THEM BOTH. THEY BROKE EYE CONTACT RATHER ABROUBTLY, BOTH RELIEIVED, THEY TURNED TO FACE THEIR SAVIOR.
OK, PARTY'S OVER, I NEED TO TAKE THIS CALL IN PRIVATE AND YOU NEED TO GET YOUR STANK ASS IN THE TUB.
ARE MY THINGS IN THERE?
YOU CLOTHES ARE SOAKING ON THE BALCONY, THE REST OF YOUR THING ARE OUT THERE AIRING OUT. SOLOMON TURNS AND HEADS FOR THE BATHROOM. LETTING OUT A DRY "THANKS", OVER HIS SHOLDER. YEH BITCH, DON'T MENTION IT.
HE WATCHES AS SOLOMON DISAPPEAR INTO THE BATHROOM. MAKING SURE HE'S OUT OF SIGHT AND HOPFULLY UNABLE TO HEAD, CLOE PICKS OF THE PHONE.

SPEAK CLEARLY, AND MAKE YOUR INTENTIONS KNOWN.
WELL, IT'S GOOD TO HEAR YOU SOUND SO CHEERFUL,WITH A BIT OF SUSPICION.
HEY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOUR MAN CALLED YOU IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY JUST TO SAY HE LOVES YOU.
IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK THIS CALL IS ABOUT!?
WHAT THE FUCK ELSE WOULD YOU BE CALLING FOR I'M REAL TENSE RIGHT NOW BABY-I NEED THE MAN I FELL IN LOVE WITH.YOU'RE NOT HIM.YOU'RE PUTTING TOO MUCH PRESSURE ON US.
WHAT ARE WE IF WE CANT BE THERE FOR EACH OTHER?
WHY EVEN BOTHER?
SEX!
O K LOOK.....
BABY, I WAS JUST TRYING TO MAKE YOU LAUGH, JUST A LITTLE HUMOR BEFORE I CONFESS HOW WRONG AND SORRY I AM.
I'VE GOT THE WANT ADS IN FRONT OF ME(LYING THROUGH HIS TEETH).
IM EVEN PLANNING TO CALL A COUPLE OF 12 STEP PROGRAMS.
HUB!(DUMBFOUNDED) I MEAN, DO IT BABY, I'VE GOT YOUR BACK..
YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY I AM TO HAVE YOU AS A FRIEND, LOVER, AND PRIVATE FREAK.....
THEY BURST INTO LAUGHTER.
A RARE MOMENT BETWEEN THESE MEN WHO DESPERATELY NEEDED EACH OTHER WAS ABOUT TO COME TO A SCREECHING HALT.
THE ACRID, TOO FAMILIAR SMELL SMACKED IN THE CENTER OF ALL HIS SENSES AT ONCE. HE ROSE INSTINCTIVELY, WITHOUT MUCH THOUGHT @ ALL ,THE SMOKE WAS LEADING HIM TO THE SOURCE,ALL SORT OF SHIT WENT THROUGH HIS HEAD AS HE STALKED WHAT HE KNEW HE COULD NOT RESISTS.
"COME TO ME BABY", "IM WAITING ON YOU BABY".
DAMN, I KNEW I WAS GOING TO REGRET LETTING YOU IN ., CLEO SAID TO SOLOMON, AS HE WATCHED HIM TAKE LONG DEEP HITS FROM THE PIPE.THE ROCK WAS SIZEABLE AND CLEO HOPED WHEN HE TOOK A HIT IT WOULD BLAST HIS ASS BACK TO THAT FIRST HIGH.....
EXCUSE ME!(THE SOUND OF J.J.'S VOICE PULLED HIM A LITTLE CLOSER TO THEM) WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN!
CLEO WAS A MASTER AT THINKING ON HIS FEET. HE REPLIED IN AS SEXY A TONE HE COULD MUSTER UP.....
WITH YOU I KNOW I GOT TO DO THE RIGHT THING, CAUSE YOU IN BABY I LET YOU IN.
DAMN BOY! WHY CANT WE HAVE MORE TIMES LIKE THESE.
WE WILL BABY, WE WILL, I PROMISE.
AS J.J. WHISPERED INTO CLEOS EAR, HE REACHED FOR THE PIPE.CATCHING IT IN ONE HAND.THEN GRASPING FOR THE LIT Q-TIP WITH THE

OTHER.PHONE PRESSED UNDER HIS CHIN AND SHOULDER.HE LISTENED TO HIS LOVER AS ATTENTIVELY AS POSSIBLY COULD WITH THE FORCES OF EVIL FILLED UP HIS LUNGS. THE DOPE WAS INDEED SOME REAL FIRE, IT TOOK WHAT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY TO REACH ITS DESTINATIONS. THE FLAME WAS IN HIS EYES, THE PIPE WAS IN HIS MOUTH, HIS BABY WAS SWEETLY DESCRIBING A LONG LIST OF DELICIOUS INTENTIONS HE HAD FOR THE EVENING, AND THE AROMA OF A FRESHLY BATHED BROTHER THAT WAS SOLOMON ROSE TO FILL HIS THOUGHTS HE DRIFTED INTO A STAGNANT POOL OF SELF LOATHING, WHICH WAS QUICKLY REPLACED WITH DISGUST FOR ANYONE THAT LOVED HIM. HOW COULD ANYONE LOVE AN ADDICT, ONE OF THE NEWLY FORMED WALKING DEAD. HE HATED THEM ALL, MOM, DAD,THE WHOLE DAMN FAMILY!
MOST OF ALL HE HATED J.J.,WHO DARED TO THINK HE COULD PUT THE WORTHLESS SHARDS OF HIS LIFE TOGETHER AGAIN.
MUTHERFUCKER, THE WORDS ALMOST SLIPPED OUT.
SOMETHING S BURNING, GOTTA GO.
OK SEE CLICK.....ALL J.J. HEARD WAS DIAL TONE.
J,.J. LOOKED INTO THE RECEIVER WITH HIS MOUTH HUNG OPEN.....
SOMETHING WASN'T RIGHT.....STOP TRIPPING ,TRUST YOUR MAN.....

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YEAH I LIKE IT TOO, I JUST DON'T LIKE GETTING RIBBED ABOUT IT.
AGAIN HE NOTICES SOLOMONS NAKEDNESS AS HE CROSSED THE ROOM TO TAKE A SEAT. STILL NOT ENTIRELY FOCUSING ON THE TOTALITY OF HIS NAKEDNESS. NAKED FLESH MADE CONTACT WITH SOFT ITALIAN LEATHER. THE SMOOTH COOL LEATHER OF THE BAR STOOL WHERE SOLOMON SAT WAS LIKE SOFT BUT FIRM HANDS CARESSING HIS ASS AND BALLS. HE LIFTS HIS BALL IN HANDS AND LET THEM FALL BACK INTO PLACE, MAKING CONTACT WITH THE LEATHER AGAIN. HEAD BOWED WATCHING THE HAIRY MASS EXPAND AND RECEDE, AND THE SHAFT OF HIS PENIS SWELL TO IT'S FULL POTENTIAL.
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WOULD YOU LIKE A BEER BEFORE YOU GET INTO THE TUB?
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THERE IS BUDWIESER, HEINEKEN AND LIGHT IN THE FRIGE, HELP YOURSELF.
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YEAH, THAT WOULD BE NICE.
CLEO'S EYES TAKE IN WHAT'S EXPOSED OF SOLOMON'S BODY.
THERE IS BUDWIESER, HEINEKEN AND LIGHT IN THE FRIGE, HELP YOURSELF.
RISING FROM THE STOOL, SOLOMON HEADS FOR THE FRINGE, AS CLEO RETURNS TO ATTEND TO THE RUNNING WATER.
CLEO EXIT'S THE ROOM QUICKLY, BEFORE HIS EYES HAVE A CHANCE TO FOCUS ON THE FLESH BEFORE HIM.
"JUST TOUCH HIM, TURN AROUND AND TOUCH HIM"
SOLOMON YELLS OVER HIS SHOULDER, CAN I GET YOU ONE TOO?
WELL AIN'T YOU A THOUGHTFUL BITCH...YES MAAM, A HEINE PLEASE.

"YEAH HE SMOKES DOPE," "HES GOT SOME," "LETS GET HIGH," "DONT SEND HIM AWAY UNTIL WE GET HIGH."
STINKYS EYES OPENED WIDE @ THE MENTION OF THE WORD DOPE.
CLEO TURNS TO GO BACK INTO HIS APARTMENT, HIS MIND STILL HEARING VOICES CALLING TO HIM. HE SENSES THAT STINKY HAS NO INTENTIONS OF LEAVING, AND TURNS ABRUPTLY TO FACE HIM.
"I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT ME TO IF YOU JUST HELP ME OUT A LITTLE .
I AINT GONNA STEAL NUTIN, OR EAT MORE THAN YOU PUT IN FRONT OF ME.
I JUST NEED TO GET MYSELF TOGETHER.
WELL THIS AINT NO GODDAMN SOUP KITCHEN OR MISSION.
STINKYS SMIILE REAPPEARED ONCE AGAIN.
DAMN, HE THOUGHT TO HIMSELF, THIS BROTHER IS CUTE AS HELL AND SEXY WHEN HES MAD.
SO THAT THE WAY IT IS?
LOOKING INTO CLEOS EYES AGAIN, TRING TO LOOK HURT, *STINKY SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS AND DROPS HIS HEAD PREMATURELY DEFEATED.*
(NO YOU DIDNT ACCUSE SOMEBODY ELSE OF SMOKING DOPE-- BITCH YOU GOT NERVES)
STINKY TURNS AND BEGINS TO FADE DOWN THE HALLWAY.
PANTS BAGGING , TUGGING @ THEM TRING TO KEEP THEM FROM FALLING AND EXPOSING MORE THAN HE WISHED TO.
"SMOKE ME, COME ON BABY, ASK HIM TO GET HIGH TOO."
CLEOS CONSCIENCE WAS DEMANDING EXPLAINATIONS FOR HIS WHACKED BEHAVIOR. OR WAS IT THE DOPE TELLING HIM TO BE A FOOL?
O K! SHIT! I KNOW IMNA REGRET THIS, DAMN!
STAND YOUR STANK ASS RIGHT HERE(POINTS TO AN IMAGINARY SPOT IN THE CENTER OF THE DOORWAY.)
STINKY STEPS ONTO THE SPOT. FLASHING THAT SWEET SMILE. EXPOSING DINGY YELLOW TEETH THAT DID NOT HIDE THE FACT THAT UNDERNEATH ALL THIS FILTH ,HE WAS AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MAN.
RIGHT HERE BOSS!
HE JUMPS ONTO THE IMAGINARY SPOT IN THE CENTER OF THE DOOR.
I'LL BE WAITING RIGHT HEREHERE.
PEERING INTO THE APARTMENT, HE NOTICED IT WAS NEAT, SMELLED GREAT,AND IT WAS DECORATED TASTEFULLY.
CLEO RETURNED WITH A GARBAGE BAG IN TOW, OPENS IT WIDE, LOOKS @ STINKY, WHO KNOWS INSTINCTIVELY WHAT TO DO. HE REMOVES HIS SNEAKERS FIRST, A PAIR OF ABUSED AIR NIKES. NEXT ABOUT 3 PAIR OF TUBE SOCKS. THE LAST PAIR HAD A LAYER OF FOOT FUNK AND SOME OTHER LAYERS OF SHIT THA MADE THEM STAND LIKE A PAIR OF HOUSE SLIPPERS.THE GAVE OFF AN EVEN WORSE FUNK THAN WHAT ALREADY FILLED THE AIR. JUST RANK ENOUGH TO TURN THE STOMACH.

IT MAKES THE PLACE SEEM ALIVE. I MEAN THIS PLACE HAS PERSONALITY.
CLEO SEPARATED THE SMELLY CLOTHES AND PUT THEM IN PAILS TO SOAK ON THE BALCONY. HE RETURNED TO THE LIVING ROOM AND ACTUALLY THANKED *STINKY.*
***THANK YOU AHH.....CLEO RELIZED THAT THEY DIDNT EVEN KNOW EACH OTHERS NAME. HE HAD NICKNAMED THIS BROTHER STINKY.* IT WAS THE MOST LOGICAL THING TO CALL HIM CONSIDERING THE ORDOR HE TRAVELED WITH.THERE HAD BEEN NO NEED FOR NAMES UNTIL THIS POINT.**
YOU CAN CALL ME"PEANUT." HE FLASHED THAT NOW FAMOUS SMILE.
PEANUT IS WHAT NIGGAHS ON THE STREET CALL YOU. I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOUR MOTHER PUT ON YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE.
THAT WOULD BE SOLOMON.
MUCH MORE APROPIATE FOR A YOUNG BLACK MAN.
YEAH I LIKE IT TOO, I JUST DONT LIKE GETTING RIBBED ABOUT IT.
AGAIN HE NOTICES SOLOMONS NAKEDNESS AS HE CROSSED THE ROOM TO TAKE A SEAT. STILL NOT INTIRELY FOCUSING ON THE TOTALITY OF HIS NAKEDNESS. NAKED FLESH MADE CONTACT WITH SOFT ITALIAN LEATHER. THE SMOOTH COOL LEATHER OF THE BAR STOOL WHERE SOLOMON SAT WAS LIKE SOFT BUT FIRM HANDS CARESSING HIS ASS AND BALLS. HE LIFTS HIS BALL IN HANDS AND LET THEM FALL BACK INTO PLACE, MAKING CONTACT WITH THE LEATHER AGAIN. HEAD BOWED WATCHING THE HEIRY MASS EXPAND AND RECEED, AND THE SHAFT OF HIS PENIS SWELL TO IT'S FULL POTENTIAL.
THESE ARE SOME SERIOUS BAR STOOLS!
SQUIRMING AROUND ON THE STOOL AS IF IT WERE A NEW TOY, BUT MORE LIKE SOMEONES FACE, ENJOYING THE SENSATION HE FELT DEEP IN HIS GROIN.
CLEO LOOK AT SOLOMON OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, BEFORE DISAPPEARING INTO THE BATHROOM. *WATER RUNS AND STEAM RISES.*
CLEO RETURNS ONCE MORE.
"LOOK AT HIM, HE'S NAKED. "
WOULD YOU LIKE A BEER BEFORE YOU GET INTO THE TUB?
YEH, THAT WOULD BE NICE.
CLEO'S EYES TAKE IN WHAT'S EXPOSED OF SOLOMON'S BODY.
THERE IS BUDWIESER, HEINIKAN AND LIGHT IN THE FRIGE, HELP YOURSELF.
RISING FROM THE STOOL, SOLOMAN HEADS FOR THE FRIDGE, AS CLEO RETURNS TO ATTEND TO THE RUNNING WATER.
CLEO EXIT'S THE ROOM QUICKLY, BEFORE HIS EYES HAVE A CHANCE TO FOCUS ON THE FLESH BEFORE HIM.
"JUST TOUCH HIM, TURN AROUND AND TOUCH HIM"
SOLOMON YELLS OVER HIS SHOLDER, CAN I GET YOU ONE TOO?
WELL AIN'T YOU A THOUGHTFUL BITCH...YES MAAM, A HEINE PLEASE.

Cleo was out on a limb tonight. He had been out there before, but tonight was different. He was way on the other side of Midnight, with no signs of a return in even the deepest recess of what is a brilliant imagination.

The day had started off with what was for Cleo, "good vibrations. After the last fight he had with JJ, his thoughts had begun to reflect the vampiric creature that he was; an addict.

Cleo understood himself perfectly, but he wondered if anyone else did. JJ knew him, but he loved him and couldn't be objective. He sat there in silence, while his thoughts raced around in circles. Never really focusing on any one thing.

A branch in a tree outside the window just barely came into view on the far right corner of his left eye. Pulling the length of the branch into full view, his eyes follow it back to its origin, the trunk of the tree. In the nook of the branch, where it grew out from the mammoth of a tree, was a family of Blue jays. Cleo watched the family of birds intently, noticing how attentive the mother was to her brood. The male flew constantly from a spot on the ground back to the nest with insects for the nestlings. There was a crack in

sidewalk, where a water pipe burst pushing up a small portion of cement. It made a pool right beside the building. Ideal hunting ground for the birds to find food for their young who seem to never get enough. The adult birds seem to never tire in spite of their nestlings constantly chirping for more. Cleo sat motionless, watching, thinking. That was all that it took. He was a young man fighting to hold on to the shattered fragments of his life. Time and chance had allowed him to see in a family of birds what his life could be if he wasn't an addict.

The tears came streaming down his face, but he made no sounds; just sat there and let them roll down his face.

A loud knock on the neighbor door brought away from pitys grasp long enough to decide the days events in a matter of seconds.

"Get high." "Smoke some dope."

"Who the hell is @ the WHORES door @ this hour."

Cleo commonly refered to JoJo as a whore, due to his line of work; male escort / Exotic dancer extraordinaire.

He rose slowly, and by the time his left hand connected with the glass door knob, he had wiped away tears and snot with the back of his right. He stepped into the hallway, looking for the creature that was responsible for the noise that pulled him back here. He found himself face to face with his agitator. A young man who carried with him the order of several city streets. This motherfucker stank!

Is there some particular reason why why you're banging on my neighbors door.
I'm a little in need of some help "my brother."
The young man begin to move closer to Cleo.
"God damn!" He is greeted by the young mans odor. Covering his nose and mouth.
Motherfucker you STANK!
I haven't been able to properly clean myself in a couple of days.
Naw! That stank been on your ass for at least a decade.
Stinky manages to smile a little, realizing Cleo is not being to be mean. He senses his is a kindred spirit.
All I need is an hour of your time.
Time enough to use your bathroom and get myself cleaned up.
I usually can get JOJO to let me in
OK, Hold it! I've heard enough and my nose can't take much more. And maybe a sandwhich or something to eat.
Well yous a bold stank motherfucker, aint you?
You begging motherfuckers aint worth being trusted;
I let you in my house you gonna stank it up, eat everything I put in front of you and ask for more, like I owe you something for being hungry, homeless and stank.
Stinky stood there with a smile on his face, taking in as much of Cleo as his eyes could see, letting his imagination fill in the blanks. He stares directly into Cleos eyes and sees his reflection as clearly as he would in a full length mirror. All emotion leave his face as he steps closer to Cleo.

Cleo backs away with a look of fear.
There ain't a whole lotta difference between you & me.
I know you think you think you all that, but what are you really?
Stinkys words strung with truth and pissed Cleo off.
I mean you don't know me, Stinky began.
Look bitch, I suggest you get your stank ass, no home having, dope smoking ass outa my face.
Cleo turns to go back into his apartment, his mind still hearing the same voices calling to him. "Lets get high," "lets smoke so dope." He senses that Stinky has no intentions of leaving, and turns abruptly to face him. With a quickness!
Stinkys eyes open wide @ the mention of the word dope.
He had been correct in his assesment of Cleo. The way he said the word dope. Gave it more power than the average person. His mind placed him quickly in the addicts arena. Capitalize on this situation. Use him, make him use you, you guys could get high together.
Ill do whatever you want me to if you help me out.
I ain't gonna steal nothing, or eat more than you put in front of me. I just need to get myself together.
Well this ain't no goddamn soup kitchen or mission.
Stinkys smile reappeared once again. Damn, he thought to himself, this brother is cute as hell, and petty when he's mad.
So thats the way it is?
Looking into Cleos eyes again, trying to look hurt, Stinky shrugs his shoulders and drops his head prematurely defeated.

(Now you didn't accuse somebody else of smoking dope – bitch you gotta nerve – Cleo thinks to himself)
Stinky turns and begins to fade down the hallway.
Pants bagging, tugging @ them trying to keep them from falling and exposing more than he wished to – under the circumstances.
Cleo's conscience was demanding explanation for his wrecked behavior. Or was it the dope telling him not to be a fool?
OK! Shit! I know I'm ah regret this, damn.
Stand your stank ass right here (points to a spot in the center of the door way).
Stinky steps onto the spot, flashing that sweet smile yet again. Dingy yellow teeth didn't do much to hide the fact that underneath all this, Stinky was a hot boy.
Right here boss.
He jumps onto the imaginary spot in the center of the door.
I'll be waiting right here.
Peering into the house, he noticed it was neat, smelled great and decorated tastefully.
Cleo returned with a garbage bag in tow, opens it wide, looks @ stinky who knows instinctively what to do. He removes his sneakers first, a pair of abused air Nikes. Next about 3 pairs of tube socks. The last pair had a layer of crusted foot funk and other shit that made them stand like a pair of house slippers, and gave off an even worse funk than what filled the air. Just rank enough to turn the stomach
Damn! I know I'm ah regret this shit!
Shit can get a little ripe when you go on them BINGES
Speaking rather candidly from addict to addict.

Yeah Bitch, I know.
The jeans drop to the floor with a thud as Stinky grabs the bottom of his sweatshirt and pulls it over his head. Stepping out of the jeans he tosses the sweatshirt in the bag and the jeans follow. 2 pair of shorts, a pair of Levis, 3 T-shirts and a real ugly thong all follow before he is completely exposed in the hallway.

He stood there a fairly attractive young man, or at least what was left of one. He was much thinner he should be, Cleo was sure of this. His body was a series of long sinewy muscles. His body bore tiny scars from scratches and burns from a straight shooter probably from close calls with tricks or the COPS. A couple of home made tatoos meant he'd been locked up at least once.

Stinky raises an arm over his head and begins scratching. Thick tufts of hair move around like a mole blindly tunneling through earth.
Looks like I'm ah need some raid to kill all that shit in there. Pointing towards his underarm.
Lord, we may have to just cut all that off!
Jabbing at stinky extremely hairy crotch.
Cut off my dick hair! Man! I aint never...
Yes I know you haven't, but there a 1st time for everything. I'mah have both eyes open when you do that.
Cleo let out a laugh as his mind imagine what that could be like.
Mr. Thing, I am not! Your personal groomer, just a girl doing her good deed for the day.
Ok. But I would let you if you wanted too, I trust you.

Like you got a damn choice!

Stinky naked dress caught Cleo's eyes in a naked kinda way as he crossed the threshold of the apartment. The aroma that Stinky noticed earlier seemed to be coming out of the walls, and filled every inch of space he passed through. Some type of incense or maybe an oil.

Cleo disappears into the bedroom with the clothes

That scent in here is going off! What is it some kind of incense or oil?

It's an incense; OPIUM the only thing I ever burn in here. Yelling so that Stinky could hear him from the porch where he had

It makes your place seem alive, give it some personality.

reported and stated saying his smile was overamping.

Thank you ahhh.... Cleo realized that he had mentally given this young man a name. Stinky - the most appropiate thing to call him considering his odor. Yet there had been no need for names up to this point.

"You can call me Peanut." that famous smile blossomed. The absurdity of what Cleo thought he heard caused him to speed up his task and return to face his foul smelling friend.

"Excuse me?" Cleo said with a look that said "You must be kidding.

Well, my sister nicknamed me that, and its kinda stuck over the years.

What's your real name?

"Solomon."

Much more appropiate for a young black man.

Thank mam.

Again he noticed Solomon's nakedness as he crossed the room to take a seat. Still not entirely focusing on the totality of his nakedness.

Naked flesh made contact with soft Italian leather. The smooth cool leather of the bar stool where Solomon sat was like soft but firm hands caressing his ass and balls. He lifts his balls in his hands and lets them fall back into place making contact with the leather again. Head bowed watching the hair mass expand and receded, and the shaft of his penis swell to its full potential.

These are some serious bar stools!

Spinning around on the stool as if it were a new toy, but more like someones face, enjoying the sensations he felt deep in his groin.

Cleo looks @ Solomon out of the corner of his eye, before disappearing into the bathroom. Water runs and stops rising. Cleo returns once more. Look @ him, he NAKED

Would you like a beer before you get in the tube - Yeah - that would be nice.

Cleos eyes take what is around of Solomons body. ← There's bud weiser, heineken and lite in the frig, help yourself.

Rising from the stool, Solomon heads for the frig. as cleo returns to attend the running water. Cleo scans the room quickly, before his eyes have a chance to focus on the fields before his eyes. Just touch him, turn and touch him Solomon yells over his shoulder, "Can I get you one too?" Well ain't you a thoughtful bitch, Yes mam a beer please.

Solomon removes both beers from the frig. and turns closing the door. He walks past the semen bar stools into the living room. Cleo has finish running the bath and is already seated in the middle of a lovely leather sofa. He hands Cleo the beer and sits himself on an almost identical sofa opposite Cleo.

"Thank you." Looking @ Solomon intensely, giving serious thought to the real reason for his broad smile.

The leather sofa wer Cleo sat, was a darker shade of blue than the bar stools. A lovely glass and marble coffee table was directly in front of it. On the other side of the coffee table was a sofa identical to the first, only it was covered in a rich gold linen fabric. Two chairs, both Queen Anne wing backs, filled in the space @ the foot and head of the coffee table. One a brilliant Romare Bearden print, the second was stripped with tassels as accents. In the corner near the back left hand side of the sofa where Cleo was perched, hung a beautiful old table hanging lamp. Painted bright orange, red & yellow with blues and golds speckled about, it looked like the sun moon and sky. The center of JJ and Cleo's universe.

Solomon's nakedness made him feel extremely comfortable. He was the kind of guy that depended on smoking crack to smash through all his sexual and physical inhibitions. His first hit came 3½ yrs. ago freed him of these inhibitions. It was second nature these days, in the company of men or women

Cleo's eyes traveled downward to where Solomon flesh made contact with the sofa's cushion. For the first time he really looked @ Solomon's body. Noticing its size and length. Her eyes took in everything. Solomon was aroused by the intensity of Cleo staring and his sex began to stir.

Baby?, What your nickname, HORSE? His eyes glued to Solomon penis and it swelled to its full glory.

Naw, it ain't all that big, laughing at her lil comment on the size of his dick.

I can't believe a man with a dick like that doesn't have somebody to look out for him or a lover.

Shit, if you can use it right you should never be alone or homeless.

Even if got a sponsor — I mean lover, Cleo thought aloud.

Well I don't really like sex, unless I'm getting high.

I like my sex and dope in one package.

Cleo recognizes similarities in this young man and the image being reflected in his eyes and responds passionately.

Oh, You like the pipe in your mouth and ass @ the same time?

If it come to that.

Sorta like killing 2 birds with one rock

Yeah! That works too.

The phone rang, startling them both.

They broke eye contact rather abruptly, both relieved, they turned to face their savior.

Ok, Party's over, I need to take this call in private and you need to get your dank ass in the TUB.

Are my things in there?
Your clothes are soaking on the balcony, the rest of your things are out there airing out.
Thanks.
Yeah bitch don't mention it.
I de watches as Solomon disappears into the bedroom, and making sure he is out sight and hopefully unable to hear, Cleo picks up the phone.

Stewart
KENT
ISIS
5050

The phone rang ,startling both Cleo and Stinky.
They broke eye contact rather abrutly, both relieved,they turned to face their savior.
Speak clearly/make your intentions known.
Well , its good to hear you sound so cheerful, with abit of suspicion.
Hey ,what would you do if your man called you in the in the middle of the day just to say he loves you .
Is that what you think this call is about?
What the fuck else would you be calling for!
Im real tense now, Baby- I need the man Ifell in love with..
Youre not him. Youre putting to much pressure on us.
What are we if we cant be ther for each other?
Why even bother ? SEX!! OK,look.....
Baby Is was just trying Baby, I was trying to make you laugh, just a little humor before I confess how wrong and sorry Iam
Ive got the want ads in front of me(lieing throughhis teeth)
IM even planning to call acouple of 12 step programs.
HUH! (dumbfounded) I mean do it baby, I got your back.
Youfthink, i dont know how lucky I am to have you as a friend,LOver ,and private freak.....
They burst into laughfter .
A rare moment between these men who desparately needed each other was about to come t o a screaching halt.
acrid The acrid ,too familiar smell smacked Cleo in the center of all his senses at once.
He rose instinctively,, without much thought at all,the smoke was leading him to the source.
And all sort of shit went through his head as he stalked what he knew would be his 3000th fuck up for the year.
Damn, Iknew I was gona regret letting you in,Cleo said to Solomon ~~Stinky~~,as he watched him take along deep hit from ~~this~~ his ~~bbaltfoney~~ pipe. the rock was sizeable and Cleo prayed it would blast his ass back to the first high.....
Excuse me,the sound of J.Js voiced pulled him a little closer back to them,whats that supposed to mean!
Cleo was a master at thinking on his feet
He replied in as sexy a tone he muster up.
With you I know i got to do the right thing,cause you in Baby,I let you in.
Damn boy,why cant we have more times likes these.
We will Baby , we will,I promise.
As J.J. whispered into Cleos ear ,he reached for the pipe.
Catching it in one hand ,thengrasping for the lit Q-TIP with the other.
Phone pressed under hischin anshoulder ,he listened to his man as attentively as one canwith the forces of evil filling up his lungs.
The ~~scored~~ dope was indeed some real fire, ~~the smoke~~ it toke what seemed like an eternity to reach its destination.
The flamewas in his eyes,the pipe inhis mouth, his baby was sweetly describing a long list of deliscous intentions he had for the evening,and the now sweet aroma of afreshly ~~bathed~~ bathed brother that was. Solomon ~~Stinky~~ rose to fill his thoughts..
He drifted off into astagant pool of self loathing,which was quickly replaced with disgust for anyone that loved him.
How could anyone love an addict,one of the newly formed walking dead.
he hated them all ,MOM,DAD,the whole damn family!
Most of all he hated J.J. ,who dared to think he could

The phone rang, startling both Cleo and Cinky.
They broke eye contact rather clumsily, both relieved they
turned to face their visitor.
Speak clearly make your intentions known.
Well, it's good to hear you sound so cheerful. With all of
the
Why, what would you do if your man called you in the middle
of the day just to say he loves you.
It that what you think this call is about?
What the hell else would you be calling for?
I'm real tense now, Baby- I needd the man I call my Love with.
You're not him. You're putting to much pressure on me.
What are we if we can't be there for each other?
Why even bother? SHIT! Look,look.....
Baby,I'm sorry,I didn'tknow you laugh,just a little humor
before I confess how wrong and sorry I am
I've got the want ads in front of me(Lieing through teeth)
If even planning to call someone of 12 stepsorry.
Hurt(dumfounded) I mean do it baby, i got your back.
You'll think, I dont know how much to say to I love you as a
friend,lover, and private friend.....
They burst into laughter.
A rare moment between these two who desperately needed each
other was about to come to a screaming halt.
The mood, too familiar well] sneaked Cleo in the centre
of all his senses at once.
He rose instinctively, without much thought at all,the smoke
was leading him to the source.
Amidst most of shit went through his head as he stalked
what he knew would be his 3000th fuck up for this year.
Damn, I knew I was going regret letting you in,I so said
to himself,as he watched him take along deep hit from a joint
passed by Cinky. The room was steadily and Cleo proved it would
blast his ass him to the first hit.....
Excuse me,the sound of Jas voiced pulled him a little
closer back to them,what's that supposed to mean?
Cleo was a master at thinking on his feet
He replied in as very a tone he muster up.
with you I know I got to do the right thing,once you in
Baby,I let you in.
We all Baby , we all,I promise.
Amid. Whispered into Cleos ear ,he reached for the
pipe.
Cradling it in one hand ,throughing for the lit g-ll
with the other.
Phone pressed under his chin,and lighted to
his man as attentively as one can,with the forces of my I
filling up his lungs.
The moment here was filled some real fire, emotion
somewhat passed like an eternity to reach its destination.
The flames,Javeria eyes,the pipe hints mouth,
Passerly disrobing a long list of delicious items he had
together even me,and the pot assest arose of atrophy.
Nothing brother that was really rose to fill his thoughts.
He drifted off into satisfy pool of self loathing,which
was quickly re lived with disgust for anyone that loved him.
How could anyone love an addict,one of the newly formed
walking dead.
Not that then all ,Mr.,LAD,the who's done [illegible]
Most of all he hated J.J. ,who dared to think he could

put the worthless shardes of their life together again
Motherfucker, the wods almost slipped out.
Somethings burning, gotta go.
OK see ....all J.J. heard was dial tone..
J.J. looked into the recieverwith his mouth hung open
Something wasnt right ...
Stop tripping ,trust your man....
the pipe had Cleo gripped by the balls.

put the fragments

Its grip was reciblke. Cleo stood there unable to move. Beads of sweat popped from his forhead, his eyes receded deep into his head, he was lost / adrift in a world where only one need was to be met Get HIGH.
Solomon was in the same place on a different level of consciousness. Ideas thaughts were of being, of simple existance, of get high and never be alone. That was his weakness. He didnt crawl into the negative of his personality like Cleo, he climbed out into the scarmien, the nucleus of the high. There his need for human warmth intensified. He hated getting high alone, hated the coldness the total sense of abondment the high provided him with. That was why he was here, why he had sought companionship here in 512.
Pass the pipe, please. That smile was all that Cleo could focus on.
OK! Don't get new thing!
Who told you I was a thing, you been watching me.
You're here with me and I am definitely a thing, and well you know what they say; taking another hit before passing the pipe to Solom. Birds of a feather flock together.
So I'm guilty by association!
No shit Sherlock!
Well, I guess I'm a thing, but @ least I got company.
Cleo and Solomon look @ each other, for the first time with some real understanding and recognition.
They smoked for what seemed like hours. Solomon emersed in the TUB, and Cleo sat on the floor next to him. Solomon had produced 4 pizzable rocks from a pocket on his NIKES, the pipe came

from the folds of a cap he carried folded in his back pocket. The day had just seemed to wash slowly away and drift into nothingness.

Remore discriptive about whats going on in the crackhouse

J.J. tried to keep his mind on his work. It just wasn't working. No matter how much he threw himself into (work. what does he do for a living), his thoughts still returned to Cleo. His intuition and experience told him that something wasn't right. And for the first time he was actually more concerned with ~~what Cleo might do to him than what having~~ Cleo ~~is~~ ~~doing~~ did to her! the effect Cleos actions were having on him, than he was with what would happen to Cleo if he left him. J.J. continued working with thoughts of this troubled man he loved. He thought about the countless # of times he had to bail Cleo out of jail, apologize for his harsh and abrassive language, stay up all night when he was so high he thought he would die if he went to sleep and still make it to work on no sleep, while J J slept the day away. He thought about the times he dragged him out of crack houses, sometimes beaten and curled. Once he found Cleo in the crack house not 3 blocks from the house. He was passed out on the floor ~~naked~~, ~~Pubic hairs covered his body~~ & naked. He had burn marks on his hands and legs, a crusted film on his chin and around his mouth. There was blood on the floor and between his thighs. J.J. was so shocked by what he saw he acted on instinct alone. He dropped to the floor and gathered his Lover into his arms, tears streamed down his face and onto Cleos back. He never moved or stirred as J J carried him around the corner to their apartment. People standing outside of the old house asked if they could help, and made

comments as he walked through the small crowd gathered here. He heard them but did not respond to anything anyone said. That night was to remain a mystery for some time to come.

Coming home from the north end of town ~~every~~ rush hour presented too many added registrations for today. ~~In an~~ In an effort to minimalize them he decided to take a residential bus route as opposed to the train and then bus ride. He walked up the hill from the practice park and caught the 16 Nobel on its way back to town.

Looking at the houses and landscaped yards of Rock Spring and Johnson Rd (Subdivision) he began to ~~calm down~~ relax. The bus hummed and hissed while meandering its way through the rather picturesque subdivision. Upper middle class white women were walking, jogging or swaping gossip while their dogs seemed to be having a conversation all to themselves. Husbands were pulling into driveways in Lincoln, oldsmobile, mercedes, volvos and BMW's. A boy on a bike flung papers from a bag slung over his shoulder while dodging water sprinklers and overzealous tots. "What a life" he thought to himself.

"Very nice and north Highland; intersection of Virginia and North Highland" the bus driver spoke loud and clear. Transfer point to the 45 VA MACLYNN; home of ____ bakery, Bill Hallmans Boutique, restaurant and a host of other boutiques and fine eateries.

The 5 or 20 people that were on the bus including JJ all looked around @ each other with various expression of amazement. JJ let out a room shaking thunder of laughter, "She's practicing for the Olympics." "And you know ~~this~~ this" replied the driver. Everybody hooted as the driver snapped hard stopped ~~at the store~~ on the moving bus simultaneously the green light on the back door came on as the bus driver ~~left~~ went into his delivery again

"Thank you ladies and gentlemen for riding marta and do have a pleasant evening.

JJ exited the lle with a smile.

SHOPPING always relieves stress.

Baltimore

Cleo was out on a limb tonight. He had been out there before, but tonight was different. He was way on the other side of midnight, with no sign of a return in even the deepest recess of what is a brilliant imagination.

The day had started off with what was for Cleo good vibrations. After the last fight he had with JJ his thoughts had begun to reflect the strange creature that he was, an addict. Cleo understood himself perfectly, but he wondered if anyone else knew him. JJ knew him, but JJ loved him, and could not be objective.

He sat there in silence while his thoughts raced around in circles never really focusing on any one thing. His family

who he loved SO. He focused on a branch in a tree outside the window. In the nook of the branch where it grew out from the main trunk of a tree was a family of Blue Jays. The mother sat intently tending her chicks while the male flew constantly from the site where a water pipe burst a week earlier. The small pool that was left had provided a breeding ground for several types of insects. The bird made about 20 trips, always with bugs in tow and never seem to tire. That was all that was needed. Cleo, a young man fighting to hold on to the shattered fragments of his life, had seen in a family

of birds what his life could be if he wasn't an addict.

The tears came streaming down his face, but he made no sounds, just sat there and let the tears fall. A knock on the 50's door brought him away from pity & grief long enough to decided the next events in a few seconds.

He rose slowly, and by the time his right hand connected with the glass door knob he had wiped away tears and snort with the back of his left. He stepped in to the hallway, looking for the creature that was responsible for the noise that pulled him back here. He found himself face to face with his agitator, a young man he carried with him the order of several city streets. This motherfucker stank. Is there some particular reason why you are up here bothering my neighbor dear, he screamed as he moved closer to him. I'm a little down on my luck, God damn! Covering his nose and mouth. Motherfucker, you stank. I haven't been able to properly clean myself in a couple of days. A couple of days, nah that stank been on you's ass for at least a decade. All I need is an hour of your time, I jus' wanna use your bathroom and clean myself up and if you got it to spare a pound which or none left over. Now wouldn't that be real sweet if I did yes. You begging motherfuckers ain't worth being trusted I let you in my house, you gona stank it up, let everything I put in front of you and ask for more like I owed it to you for your ass being funny

and homeless. Loop man, what do you want me to do? Get your stank ass out of this building and out my goddamn life. He stares directly into Cleo's eyes and sees his reflection as clearly as he would in a full mirror. All emotions leave his face as he steps closer to Cleo, Cleo backs away with a look of disgust. There ain't a whole lotta difference between you and me, I know you think you all that, but what are you really? You don't even fucking know. Look bitch, I suggest you get your stank ass, no home having dope smoking ass outta my face with a quickness. Stinky's eyes opened wide when he heard the word dope. The only people that ever had him pegged that quick were users addicts themselves. I will do whatever you want me to if you help me out, I ain't gonna still nothing or eat more than you put in front of me. I just need some place to get myself together. Well this ain't no goddamn soup kitchen. So that's the way it is? (No you didn't call nobody an addict his subconscious screamed.) Stinky turns and began to fade down the hallway, pants sagging, tugging & then trying to keep them from falling and ignore the only thing he had left of the nice things he owned when he came here to attend Morehouse College 5 yrs. ago. (Cleo's conscious was demanding explanations for his whacked attitude.) Red silk Gianni Versace silk boxers, they had lost a lot of the shine and sparkle of new things. Felt they were shot to hell, shit and piss stain, funkey and probably crawling with several

hundred different species of macroscopic vermin.
OK, shit! I know I'm a regret this shit. Stand your stank ass right here (points to a spot in the center of the doorway. Stinky steps onto the spot with a big smile exposing dingy yellow teeth that surprisingly were quite even. Right here boss, (steps onto the imaginary spot) I'll be waiting right here. Cleo returns with a garbage bag in tow. (Opens it wide, looks @ stinky who knows instinctively what was expected of him.) He removes his sneakers first, a pair of abused air rikers, then about 3 pair of tube socks. The last pair had a layer of crusted foot funk and other shit that made them stand like a pair of house slippers and gave off an ODOR just harsh enough to turn the stomach.
Damn, I know I'm a regret this shit.
Shit gets a little ripe when you go on them binges (speaking quite candidly in code from addict to addict).
Yeah bitch I know. The jeans drop to the floor with a loud thud as Stinky grabs the bottom of his sweatshirt and pulls it over his head.
He stood there, a fairly attractive young man, or @ least what was left of one. He was much thinner that he should be Cleo was sure of that. Yet with a large percentage of body fat gone he was a series of long pinion tight muscle. (Washed off, clean up, and with a person attitude he could be Cleo's brother.)

Yes, take them girls off now, Cleo said referring to the infamous red silk Versace boxers. He snatched them off with ~~all~~ one hand letting the other scratch @ the mound of hair that was his crotch. Moving eyes from toe to head Cleo visualized several not so pretty situations this young man had been involved in. His body was tiny pieces from scratches and burns from a straight shooter. Stinky raised an arm over his head and began scratching there as the thick tuft of hair moved around like a mole blindly tunneling through earth.

Looks like I'm need some raid to kill all that shit in there. (Pointing towards his underarms) And Lord, we may have to just cut all this off & (jabbing @ Stinky's crotch Hair). Cut off my dick hair! Man I ain't never, Yes I know you haven't, but there a 1st time for everything. I'm a have both eyes open when you do that said stinky. Cleo let out a laugh as he let his mind imagine what that would be like. Mr. Thing, I am not your personal groomer, just a girl doing her good deed for the day. K?, but I would let you if you wanted too, I trust you. (Like you got a damn choice - think out loud, not really talking to stinky but to himself.)

Stinkys Nakedness caught Cleo attention once more as he crossed the threshold into this shared apartment. Stinky noticed how neat everything was immediately and the walls seemed to give off an aroma that filled every inch of space he passed through.

Naked flesh made contact with soft Italian leather, where Stinky had taken a seat @ the kitchen bar. The cool smooth leather was like soft but firm hands caressing his ass and balls. (Stinky with head bowed, lifts his balls in his hands, and lets them fall back into place underneath the long stuff of scrotal, to make contact with the leather again.)

There are some serious bar stools, stinky says as he squirms around on the stool as if it were someones face.

Would you like a beer before you get in the tub - Yeah, that would be nice. There's budweiser, heineken and lite in the frig, help yourself. Rising from the bar stool, Stinky yelled over his shoulder, can I get you one too? How thoughtful replied Cleo from his spot in the center of the sofa. It too was leather only a darker shade of blue than the bar stool. A lovely glass & marble coffee table was directly in front of it, sitting in the very center of the room. On the other side of the coffee table was a sofa identical to the first, only it was covered in linen and it was a rich gold. Four chairs, both queen anne wing backs, filled in the space at the foot and head of the coffee table. One a brilliant print of a Romare Bearden copy, the second a striped and tassled theme. In the corner near the back left hand side of the sofa where Cleo was perched, hung a beautiful old tubular hanging lamp. Painted bright orange red & yellow with blues and golds speckled about, it looked like the sun moon and sky. The center of our own universe (Cleo 2 3 J J 2)

original copy.

(55)

startling abruptly

Since Ima got one, the logical thing to do is ask the person sponsoring, who's relaxed and comfortable, and see if she can score you a taste in here. (Stinky's nakedness had made him feel extremely comfortable. He was the kind of guy that depended on his dope smoking to smash through all his sexual and physical inhibitions. That first hit some 3½ yrs ago gave him this particular trait. It was second nature these days, in the company of men or women.)

Cleo's eyes were full of his presence from the moment he became visible from the intimate nook that was the kitchen. There it was again, that smile. (Ima regret this Cleo mumbled to himself.) Teeth flashing, looking like a man set free from a Georgia chain gang. Cleo's eyes traveled downward to Stinky's semi erect penis, as it swung back and forth with each step closer. Baby, what's your nickname HORSE! Naw, it ain't all that big (Chuckling as he responds to Cleo's observation of his sex.) I can't believe a man with a dick like that can't get somebody to sponsor him for a wk or two or month. Shit if you can use it right you should never been alone or homeless. (Even I got a sponsor - Lover Cleo thought aloud) Well I don't particularly like sex unless I'm teasing, I like my sex and dope in one package.

Oh, you like to pipe in your mouth and ass at the same time!

If it comes to that. (Matter of factly)

Sorta like killing two birds with one rock)

Yeah, that'll work too.